



ON THE ROAD AGAIN.... IT WAS PURE HELL, ESPECIALLY WHEN YOU WERE A GOOD WAYS OFF THE TRADE ROUTES... SOMETIMES IT WAS WEEKS BETWEEN RIDES. AND THEN THERE WAS NO GAURANTEEE THAT THEY'D STOP FOR YOU WHEN THEY DID COME BY.....

What's New

ANALOG, long considered the most successful science fiction magazine, has been purchased by Davis Publications, the parent company of ISAAC ASIMOV'S SCIENCE FICTION MAGAZINE. IASFM is, ironically, the magazine that has put so much sales pressure on ANALOG and was the first SF magazine to surpass it in total sales. Davis Publications has a long history in the fiction magazine field, and is more familiar with marketing techniques, etc., for this sort of magazine than was Conde Nast, the former owners, who were unhappy with the magazine's relatively poor showing against their other magazines, including titles like GLAMOUR, MADEMOISELLE, and VOGUE. The first issue under Davis Publications will be the September issue; there will be little change in the magazine, since Stanley Schmidt will remain as editor.

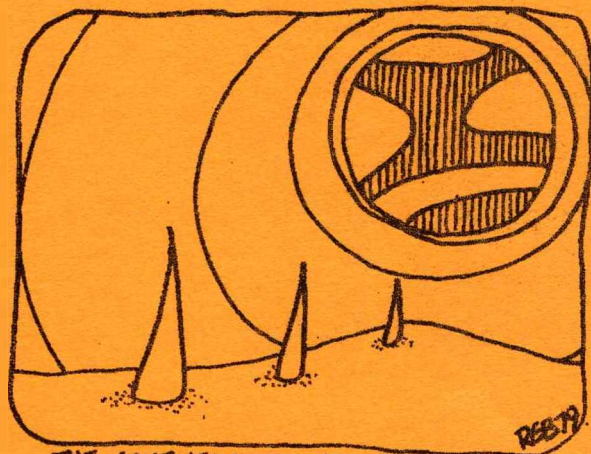
From the business end of SF, SCIENCE FICTION CHRONICLE reports that Random House (publishers of, among other titles, Del Rey Books) has been sold to a family-owned company, Newhouse Publications. Ironically, Newhouse Publications is also the company that owns Conde Nast, former publishers of ANALOG.

Harlequin Books, infamous for the Laser Books series of a few years ago, is considering another venture into the field of science fiction, this time in children's sf. Stephen Goldin, science fiction author and editor, has been hired to create a juvenile sf series for Harlequin.

GALILEO will no longer be distributed by Dell Distributing; instead, they will return to their policy of subscriptions-and-sales-through-specialty-shops that was so successful for them prior to the agreement with Dell. The publisher of GALILEO, Vincent McCaffrey, is also organizing a distribution plan, "Offset Distribution", to help make the smaller, non-newsstand magazines available to their readership. Sales figures on the first issues of GALILEO were lower than expected, running just slightly above one third of all issues distributed. There is no word yet on GALILEO's solving their late-subscription problem that has plagued them recently.

Justin Leiber, son of Fritz Lieber, has sold a novel to Del Rey Books. // Jack Chalker has delivered TWILIGHT AT THE WELL OF SOULS to Del Rey; this is the final half of the last well novel. He also has delivered a novel to Doubleday, the story of the U.S.S. Indianapolis; his title for the book is GRANDFATHER OF JAWS, theirs is NIGHTMARE AT SEA. // Tentatively forthcoming from Mirage Press is an updated COMPLEAT FEGHOOT, an illustrated BIOGRAPHY OF SCROOGE McDUCK, and a new INDEX TO SF PUBLISHERS by Owings and Chalker.

UPDATES ON FILMS: According to the Atlanta JOURNAL, the release date on THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK is May 21st, but the American Premiere of the film will be held in Washington DC on May 18th. Lucas-films says that EMPIRE is the first of eight planned sequels to the original STAR WARS. // Plans for the previously mentioned BATMAN film are continuing at Warner Brothers; as was previously mentioned in ATAR, this is to be a serious film (but that's what they said about SUPERMAN...). Meanwhile, Warner Brothers is nearing completion of the second SUPERMAN film, and all Marlon Brando sequences have been eliminated from the script, presumably due to a high salary demand by Brando for use of the previously-shot footage. // Dino de Laurentiis, best remembered for the atrocious remake of KING KONG a few years ago, is now hard at work on FLASH GORDON, using newcomers for the cast and supposedly following closely the appearance of the Alex Raymond comic strip. De Laurentiis is also supposedly at work on DUNE, to be directed by Ridley Scott, and a John Milius-directed CONAN (and whatever happened to Norman Subotsky?). // George Romero will direct the film THE STAND, based on the Stephen King novel. The other King novel-made-into-film, THE SHINING, may be out in mid-spring. // RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK is the title of the joint Lucas-Spielberg sf film being produced by Lucasfilms. No word on storyline yet. // GALACTICA 1980 has been added to the ABC schedule, even before ratings reaction to all three parts of the special was in.



THE SENTINELS OF Q'RKW'L XIV

A TARANTES #33 is produced by Cliff Biggers, 6045 Summit Wood Drive, Kennesaw GA 30144 for the Atlanta Science Fiction Club (ASFC). Available free to members, 12/\$3.50 to non-members, or The Usual. I'm in urgent need of locs and spot illos, folks; keep me well-stocked on them, please! Congratulations to Brad L. for reading all the colophon; this is the March 1980 issue, and is copy-right © 1980 by Cliff Biggers; all rights hereby revert to contributors. Unsigned material comes from yours truly. Trades with clubzines and newszines are fervently desired; please send us your zine in trade.

Choice Morsels

Fred Jackson, fan artist whose work has graced the pages of many a fanzine, including ATARANTES, has taken his gag cartooning up to the pro level and wants eventually to become a full-time pro artist-cartoonist. He reports that he has sold ten cartoons to an unspecified pro mag for \$150 since last November. He hopes to crack markets such as SATURDAY EVENING POST. Fred will keep his Frejac signature; it's interesting that a fixture like Fred, whose art has graced so many fanzines, should hit it in the mundane market; it should give all the aspiring illo-folk in fandom hope for the future.

Huntsville has withdrawn their bid for the DeepSouth-con this year; they are unable to find a hotel suitable to hold the 1981 DSC, and have felt it is better to drop the bid entirely rather than try to use an outdoor-room hotel, similar to the 1978 DSC's Hyatt House, since that causes problems in itself. As a result, this year's MidSouthCon in Huntsville might be a one-shot event. With Huntsville dropping its bid, that leaves three bidders declared: New Orleans, Jackson MS, and Birmingham.

Jim Gilpatrick, president of the Birmingham club, has announced that as of their March meeting, B'ham has decided to pursue to DSC in earnest, and they are organizing a strong bid. Their hotel, the Plaza South, is only a few blocks south of the 1977 DSC con hotel.

Chattanooga's SF Club has voted almost unanimously not to change their meeting date from the third to the fourth Saturday on a permanent basis, although they will have a fourth-Saturday meeting during March in order that their members might attend UpperSouthClave on the third Saturday. This leaves the status of the proposed meeting-weekend-change concerning ASFiC and CSFA in question; for the time being, we will continue on the same conflicting schedule we've used for several years. CSFA has elected Dick Lynch as their ABC representative, since they have no officers per se to serve in that capacity.

Iris Brown, ASFiC member in short standing, has announced that she and Michael Wright have set a date for their wedding; it will be October 18th. When it was pointed out that October 18th was a meeting day, the nonplussed Iris said, "oh, then it'll be an afternoon wedding."

ABCcon is being held April 12-13, 1980, at the Ranch House Motel in Birmingham. This con is for ASFiC and CSFA and BSFC members and invited guests, and is in effect a huge party for the three clubs; member-

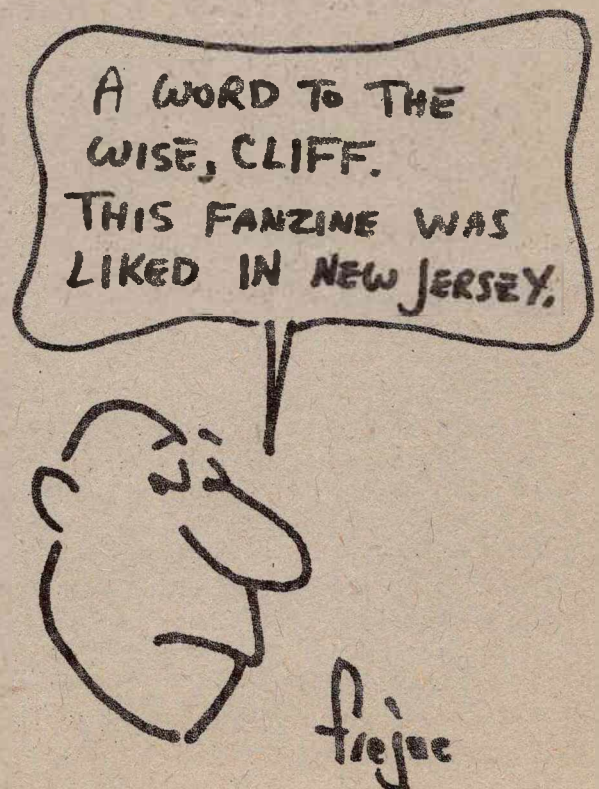
ART CREDITS: cover, David Parsons; p. 2, Rusty Burke; p. 3, Fred Jackson; p. 5, Cliff Biggers; 7, Wade Gilbreath; p. 8, Rick Howell

ship fee for ABCcon will be \$1 for any members of the three clubs, to help cover the costs of refreshments. There will be a carpooling sheet at the March meeting to allow those who want to attend to try to work out ride arrangements with one another. We urge everyone to try to make it to this, the first official function of ABC. Room rates are a phenomenally low \$18 single/\$22 dbl for this Saturday-Sunday convention. Send your buck to Jim Gilpatrick, chairman, Birmingham SF Club, POB 57031, Birmingham AL 35209.

Meeting

The March meeting is being held at the Peachtree Bank on Chamblee-Dunwoody Road. Meeting date is March fifteenth, Saturday evening at eight o'clock. This month's program (Pat Morrell, where are you?) is an auction, so members are encouraged to bring items to donate and to bring money to bid. A couple of recent ATARANTES covers will be up for bid, among other things, and the funds go to support your friendly ASFiC.

To get to the bank at 4525 Chamblee-Dunwoody Road, if you're coming from the Marietta region or from Chattanooga, take I-75 S to I-285. Take I-285E to the Chamblee-Dunwoody Road exit, take the exit, then turn left--the bank, Peachtree Bank, is on your right approximately a quarter mile up the road, across from the Georgetown Shopping Center. Coming from I-85 N or I-85 S., you travel to the I-85/I-285 intersection in North Atlanta, then take I-285 west to the Chamblee-Dunwoody Rd. exit. After you take this exit, which is really a connector road, proceed straight ahead for a mile or so, then you will come to Chamblee-Dunwoody Rd. Turn right and look for the bank on your right, a quarter mile up the road.



DER KRAPP

Brad Linaweaver

(Note to the reader: For those who wonder how much longer I will write about Lugosi's Bad Times, I must confess the answer is "not anywhere as long as I could." I find the subject fascinating. Several more installments are called for before I proceed to an equally lengthy treatment of the Japanese monster bombs.)

Imagine the craggy terrain of Transylvania. Across a narrow, rocky pass thunders a black carriage en route to a foreboding castle partially obscured by mist. As the passenger finally nears his destination, he is surprised to see that the castle is not a very imposing edifice when observed at close range. Why, it is falling apart, and what seemed to be stone is only painted cardboard.

The carriage stops and as its door falls upon the dusty ground, we see that the passenger is Bela Lugosi. How can this be? Surely Lugosi should be waiting inside the shadowed fortress, ready to menace foolhardy visitors. But no, he is the one cautiously entering the less-than-imposing doorway.

The visitor stands with his back to a dingy staircase. He puts down his luggage and stares into patently artificial spiderwebs. There is trepidation written all over his wide, frowning face. Suddenly a plump figure approaches behind him on the stairs. Lugosi senses an alien presence, whirls around and confronts a man dressed in a tacky I-am-a-tourist kind of suit. The hair is cut close on the man's potato head; he looks like the coach of a high school football team.

With an undistinguished voice the figure says, "I am...Katzman. I bid you welcome to... Monogram." Lugosi suddenly hears sounds of falling, moaning, and curses. "Listen to them," says the funny looking man, "children of the studio. What a mess...they make."

So it was that Bela Lugosi made a pact with Sam Katzman, big cheese producer at Monogram. If Lugosi had been a fair sized fish in the Universal pond, he was now a whale in a puddle. Monogram provides an eloquent statement on how wartime shortages in the forties could frequently lead to a poverty of entertainment on the lower half of a movie bill. Was this not the studio that made films about the Nazis with such apt titles as WOMEN IN BONDAGE and ENEMY OF WOMEN? Was this not the same outfit that created that epic of courage under fire known as HELLBILLY BLITZKRIEG? How do you do a parody of that? Where can you go but up?

Lugosi had made a bad decision. He was on his way down. So what if he was getting bit roles in the real movies (no one played a red herring more often than Lugosi)? They still pro-

vided an honorable calling. There was still hope for the future.

But he came within the clutches of Sam Katzman and the other ghouls of Poverty Row, men of no imagination, no talent, no integrity; men who had one ability: they could turn feces into fortune. (There were good low budget movies around, but they fall outside the scope of the column and also outside the range of Lugosi's luck much too often.)

Bela was never one to downplay his roles. He always gave his most. More the pity at Monogram. His exaggerated performances became the only source of entertainment in these films, but the fun is at his expense! He became a parody of himself. His distinctive delivery of lines (an oratory rich in ellipses) turned on itself when the material he had to work with was empty of merit.

Katzman looked at Lugosi and saw a living caricature of Nazi spies, mad scientists, psychos, magicians, and college professors (the parts sometimes blurring into each other).

In BLACK DRAGONS, for instance, he plays one of Hitler's best operatives: a genius at plastic surgery who--get this--turns six Japanese agents into replicas of six American industrialists so that they can infiltrate the USA. Think about this for a moment: Germany is full of people who could pass easily as American industrialists, right? So the Nazis decide to turn ~~orientals~~ into fake occidentals? Why take the long way around? It couldn't be that Monogram was appealing to any racist fears with this movie, could it? But it all works out, because the Japanese betray Lugosi (for fun it seems), so that later he betrays the Japanese (for revenge, of course) and everyone dies happily ever after. If only the Axis had taken care of itself this way! At one point in the muddled script a character asks Lugosi if they will meet again and he answers, "Who knows...in this crazy world?" Wow. (He was also a Nazi spy in GHOSTS ON THE LOOSE, but since only the East Side Kids were threatened, it wasn't that interesting...)

What nobody ever does in these pictures is to suspect the sinister Lugosi of any malign purpose. The guy has cover story invariably (except for freakish exceptions when he is innocent). Even when he delivers innocuous dialogue it sounds like the ravings of a deranged sadist.

I have often thought that if Goebbels had gotten his hands on the Monograms and released them in Germany, it would have made great propaganda...for his side. They could have simply lied about the importance of Sam Katzman to the American film industry. For a statement about Monogram management, we can look to Lugosi himself with the heartfelt delivery in RETURN OF THE APE MAN of the following. In the scene, Lugosi is contemplating a little brainsnatching with the help of his reluctant assistant, John Carradine (another victim of Katmanian). Lugosi looks around, puffs on his cigar and says, "Some of these brains wouldn't be missed." His smile seems genuine.

NEXT: Sppks, Serum, and Saps

I REALLY LIKED
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THE EDITORIAL
WAS THE PITS,
THOUGH....

I WAS FOND
OF THE TYPE-
STYLE, MYSELF...

YES, IT'S...

LETTERS of COMMENT



Dan Taylor
550 Boulevard SE
Atlanta, GA 30312

Well, what happened is this: I had a nice long letter about STAR TREK: TMP all typed up and ready to mail--and then I found it hidden away on my bedside table about two weeks after I thought I had mailed it... and two days after your deadline. So, it will now become a letter of comment on John Ulrich's review, rather than with it.

Before I get started on STTMP, though, an aside: Cliff, you mentioned in an editorial aside that you'd noticed that the various fragments of Atlanta fandom don't seem to talk to each other very much. After reading John's numerous and frequent apologies for treating ST seriously, I think I know why the STAR TREK fan organizations, at least, aren't talking to us. Is this really necessary? Am I so out-of-touch with current SF fandom--STAR TREK was the best continuing SF series ever to appear on tv (not counting anthologies--I said continuing series)--that fandom has gotten down on Trekkies and Trekkers and Trekkites and whatever that the whole show has been condemned by association? What a tragic loss for sf fandom at large?

((Fandom does seem to be down on ST as a series, and it's fairly common for a fan, when he likes the series, to preface or follow that admission with an apology. "Well, he liked STAR TREK..." is a statement of scorn and derision with many, oddly enough, even though--as John pointed out--the show was received phenomenally well in fandom when it came out. I guess it's much as you theorize--the dislike for those who like ST and nothing else in sf has rubbed off from the people and their habits to the one thing they really like.))

Has it occurred to anybody that the movie can be taken as a symbolic retelling of the making of the movie itself? You have the Enterprise, out of circulation for some time (nice touch, by the way, to attempt to account for that time, although surely Scott would have an Admiralty by now, and wouldn't Sulu at least have his own command?), when a need comes about for its re-

turn (Blue Cloud vs. Trek fandom). It's put into service before it's ready. (Wormhole vs. original \$1-2 million movie project and various television formats.) It is only when Spock returns (Spock's return to Star Fleet vs. Nimoy's return to Paramount) that the project truly gets off the ground--only to confront a living machine ignorant of the Enterprise's true nature (Paramount). When the Enterprise (Roddenberry) gets through the blue haze (Paramount's perception of fandom), and it and V'ger (Paramount) can get an accurate knowledge of each other's identities and goals, the project comes to full fruition ("higher form of life" vs. higher form of STAR TREK episode). No?

(Blame Oreta for starting me on that.)

All this aside--well, the special effects had better be impeccable, as there was almost no plot. I've been waiting fourteen years for that exterior tour--but to be honest, much as I enjoyed it I thought it ran a little long... so how bored must people new to Star Trek have been?

The star of the movie, for me, was the Enterprise Redesign. This has always been the most aesthetically pleasing starship I've ever seen (I rather like hardware), and now it's moreso. (The one on tv looks so awkward now...) As with a seagoing vessel, it is generally viewed from within the horizontal plane relative to the ship, despite the absence of a true "up" or "down" in interstellar space. It is rarely shown in any other attitude unless something is wrong (as indeed is the case when, say, a luxury liner is shown upside down). Wishing to see it from other angles, I go out my old AMT model and played with it a while. Know what? It looks stupid from most other angles. This ship was never intended to be shown even turning, much less engaged in X-wigg dogfighting. It doesn't maneuver gracefully. The lines are designed to look good moving straight ahead--and boy, does it ever.

I did appreciate what they were trying to do with Lt. Ilia, but I didn't really care when V'ger's probe sunpacked her (ask Ron what that means). Not enough time had been spend on her, and no time was spend on any special significance to "She's... Deltan, sir." (It appears that Gene

and Robert Wise were counting on widespread readership of what little pre-release publicity there was--or they were hoping we'd buy the book?--and already know that Deltans exude sex hormones like most of us sweat.) Ah, well, with a G rating on the front, what was I expecting anyway; a truly wild gymnastic exhibition in Kirk's new cabin with Captain Stud finding out if Deltans really are completely hairless?

Much though I shudder to admit it, I find myself in partial agreement with the Mouth that Walks Like a Man, Harlan Ellison, in the recent STARLOG review, when he reports a general feeling of "I waited ten years for this? This cost \$40 million?" But only partial agreement--I do consider my money well spent.

Deb Hammer Johnson Concerning the ABC...my reference
2 Tyler Road to geographically centered folk
Rome GA 30161 includes a whole string of neos and
 heavy sf readers in and around

Rome, Calhoun, Cartersville, Dalton, and Center. I agree that if they don't show enough interest to join one group they certainly won't be of much use to two. Still, from every ten prospects I talk to, one will attend a meeting and become a member. I've done my fair share of recruitment, and will continue to do so. When ASFiCans or CSFAns talk about gas and transportation costs, I give a crocodile grin; you're quite aware of the difficulties Romans face in attending ASFiC. I'm sure I can speak for all of us when I say it's worthwhile and I view my working with the group as a whole as a small way to repay the stimulation and companionship I thrive on in the Atlanta community. So I don't expect it to be easy or practical to belong to an sf club in another town.

I also don't expect everyone to share my mania for meetings. Our membership is sixty strong, but only about 35-40 members turn out for non-summer meetings. The number of ABCers willing to attend another club's meeting is even smaller (look at me, the prevailing promiser of ANVIL during Wade's editorship), but we could possibly increase that through carpooling and by planning special programming. After much discussion and correspondence with other ABCers, I agree that it is a reality, and that ABCon looks like it will be a good time for enjoyment and solidarity. Perhaps some of the special programming ideas I burn with can be discussed at the time. I also have modified my urges for an independent organization. I still want a zine, and I think the ABC Directory is a step in the right direction. I plan on sticking a few extras in it (like an editorial on gas and carpooling). I hope to have it ready by April, where it can be given to congoers. I need to also include folks outside the three towns, like Knoxville and Tuscaloosa folks. The directory will be called RADIUS, and I have good hopes for it.

Wade's cover this time was BIZARRE. It's a sequel to Maura's cover a few issues back, the one with the miner/gunfighter. I'd love to see an artist's jam between Bob and Wade; the ones at NASFiC and Chattacon produced strange results. I've observed Hank Heath illos in Mike Glyer's zines, and like

his distinct humor. Fred Jackson's rare full-bodied illo on the loc page deserves a follow-up.

John's review of STAR TREK made me regret that I sat around on my duff and missed it last month. I agree with his assessment that it is a tremendous influence on science fiction, and that the genre will never be the same again. I think we both share a liking for "realistic" rather than "elitist" judgments of popular sf. I'm dated by the fact that I caught all the shows when they were originally broadcast, and well remember those Hugos. A number of top fans have come in via STAR TREK, and "our" genre owed it a debt. Mike Smith's con report is clever and reflective of the nature of the mini-con. My mind is boggled by a "small" turnout of 600 or so; it understates the different nature of comix/teevee oriented fandom to us. I'll give Brad a few kudos; his style is humorous and suits his taste for the essence of grade z "sci-fi". I wonder if he'll treat Lionel Atwill and other stars of the genre. How about Humphrey Bogart in "Dr. X"? Myrna Loy in the early vampire sound flicks? I look forward to his columns; I also think we ought to get him in tow for the ASFiCon trivia quiz. He can give Guy and others a run for the money.

Peter Seckman I'll have to admit that I agree with your
Valparaiso Univ. reviewer on the Star Trek film; it was
 more than I'd really expected, although
less than I hoped for. There's also a tendency to apologize as soon as I admit that I liked the film, as if liking it is sinful in some way. A few people here have seen it many, many times, and even brag on it, yet they don't rank themselves as Trekkies at all.

E enjoyed the article on Bela Lugosi and his less-renowned films. Of all the old Universal horror actors, Lugosi was my favorite ((mine, too)). His well-known films manage to make perfect use of his moods, his expressions, and his accent to highlight the film. The films named by Brad Linaweaver show what will happen if you take a limited actor and put him under a director or studio that is unaware of how to use his talents. Stepping out of the horror-sf genre for a minute, you can see the same problems in John Wayne's early career--he was a limited actor in the same way Lugosi was limited, and a director had to be aware of that in order to get the best use out of his actor.

Here, there's not that much dissent between those interested in SCA, those interested in wargaming, those interested in Star Trek, those interested in sf, and so on. There's almost always a split between the comics people and everyone else, it seems, probably because of the more commercial nature of comics fandom, but the rest of the fandoms (fanda?) seem to coexist peacefully. I wish you luck in trying to bring more unity to all the different groups in the Atlanta area, and hope you meet no opposition.

((And now you find me without comment, filling up a line or two just to balance off these two columns.))

As a fan, I think the question I get asked most by those outside fandom is, "What do you do at an sf convention?"

I really don't know what to say. I think it sounds silly to say things like "Listen to professional writers", and even sillier to say "party." Yet that's what I tend to do at cons and, I think, what most fans do.

This brings me to the self-analyzing "Why do I go to conventions?" I'm not sure my answer will be valid for anyone but myself, but here goes.

We go to conventions for many reasons and those reasons, I think, change as our tenure in fandom increases. At first, as neos, we go in order to see those god-like figures who write our favorite science fiction stories. We go for autographs and the thrill of saying "I've seen him/her!" or better yet, "I've met that author!"

As we get farther in, we make long-distance friends and tend then to go to cons in order to keep in touch via more than the mail. We go to catch up on the latest feuds and on who's married and/or divorced whom.

Later still, we go for the ego-boo. Or we go because it's expected. "He/she is always at Kubla," for example. Or we go to be known.

I think basically, though, through all the stages, most of us go because we enjoy it. We enjoy staying up until the nether hours of the night filking, the partying, gossip, and snaf sessions. We enjoy playing Hearts, or poker, or bridge, or whatever else the game might be. We enjoy talking. Certainly, we can play cards, talk, sing, party, gossip, stay up late, etc., outside conventions, but where else can we do it with such a large varied group that has at least some of the same interests?

As I said, I don't know whether this is valid for anyone but myself. For me, it all boils down to people. The people in fandom and the feeling they create is what makes a convention. Certainly I like ego-boo (what I get of it), I like pros (most of them), and I still like the occasional autograph. But mostly--I like people. That's what makes it possible for a convention to have mediocre facilities and guests and yet still be a good convention.

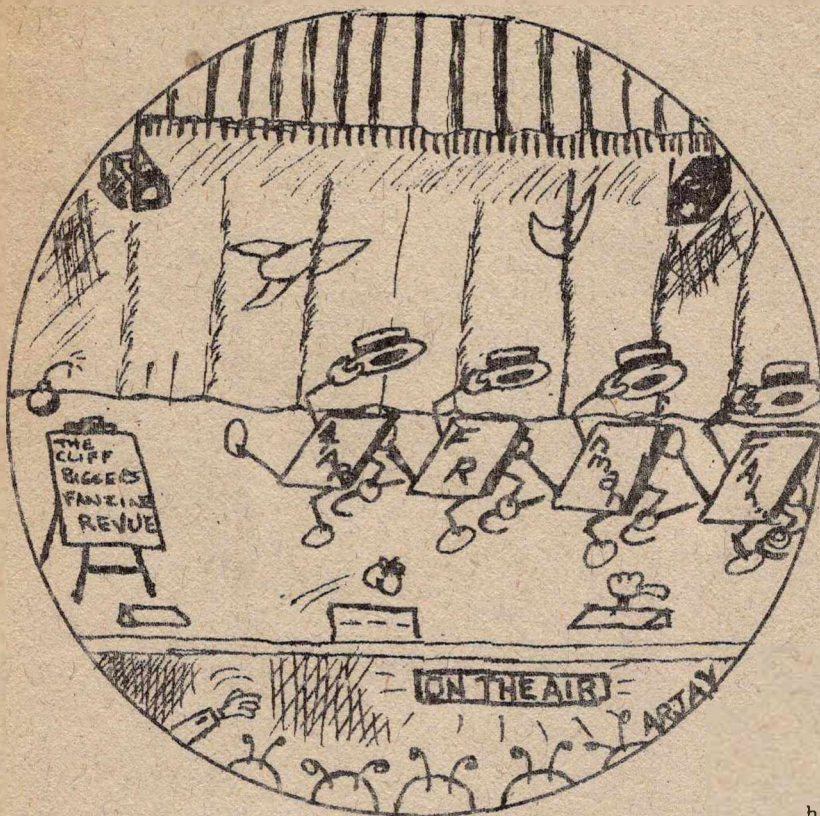
So what do you say to those people who ask you what you do at a con? I still don't know because, now that I've thought about it, I've used the answer "to see all the people I haven't seen for awhile" and the response frequently is "go all that way just to..."? Even though I know I'm right and that their attitudes shouldn't make a difference, it sounds somehow insane to say "yes."

I say it anyway. It makes me feel a little bit special, in a strange way.

CALABANS and THRANK sue phillips



"Cons are where people pay a fair sum of money in registration, yet don't attend functions; cons are where people pay money for a hotel room they determinedly avoid sleeping in for the weekend; cons are where hundreds of people gather to see each other, then lament about how they had no time to talk." --anonymous fanzine con report



The fanzine that's bound to get a lot of attention in the future months is FAN PLUS, the "Forum for Southern Science Fiction Fandom" edited and published by David Pettus. FAN PLUS is a slick, well-produced fanzine, slim in its contents but indicative of an editor with the finances and the determination to put out an outstanding product. The \$2 for 32 pages is perhaps its weakest point, but Pettus is offering a quality production for the money. There's an interesting piece by Meade Frierson on Southern Fandom, although it seems to be more of an introductory piece, as if he had to get a few groundrules and background laid down before he really began centering in on particular topics. Mike Bishop's piece on "Atrophy, A Trophy, and Me" is interesting and entertaining, a look at what it would be like to write porn and take it seriously. There's an interesting interview with Fred Pohl, and a short piece on Charlie Williams and his art (although I fear that Charlie's best art isn't necessarily represented herein, since he excels in his larger pieces, rather than the tiny selections used).

I applaud David and his attempts to turn out a top-notch Southern fanzine, and I hope enough people send him money to make this a viable product. By all means, send \$2 to FAN PLUS, Rout 2, Box 274-B, Loretto TN 38469--you'll be most glad you did. Or you can save a bit of money and send \$6 for four issues, and be sure you won't miss anything David has to say.

FANTASY, the Fantasy Artist's Network Magazine, is quite a pleasant package to anyone interested in fan art, either in producing it or in admiring it. Editors Carol Fisher and Kathy Hammel have produced a fine package, and they seem to be seriously interested in devoting time and attention to the fan artist. Membership in Fantasy Artists network is \$4 a year, and this includes a four issue sub to the magazine. The latest issue I have, #2, offers a superlative profile of Alicia Austin, a good section on outlets for fanart, a nice write-up on Victoria Poyser, along with six of her more outstanding works. I highly recommend the fanzine as a fanartist and as one who makes use of a great deal of fanart. Send \$4 to F.A.N., PO Box 5157, Sherman Oaks, CA 91413.

Arthur Hlavaty continues to publish his bizarre and decadent DIAGONAL RELATIONSHIP, and this issue offers a fine look ahead into the Eighties, as well as a fine look back at rock and roll music. As Arthur lists his favorite songs, a retrospective of rock, I find it difficult to agree with about 60% of his choices--but he makes the reading interesting, nonetheless. Also, this issue has the usual letters, cartoons, and comments, and a few book reviews. Finally, Arthur offers my favorite saying on the back cover: "I Am An Artist, and Should Be Exempt From Shit." Get it from Arthur at 250 Coligni Ave., New Rochelle NY 10801, for \$1, loc, trade, or artwork.

MAD SCIENTIST'S DIGEST #7 is out, a hefty issue that has impressive visuals but less impressive contents than the most recent issues before this. There's nothing in #7 that really stands out and grabs me, other than Brian's personal commentary, which is as interesting as always. There are some impressive color mimeo experiments in here, if you like pretty visuals, but otherwise, I found this a skimming fanzine only. I still recommend MSD, but you should be aware that even the good zines have their ups and downs.

SCIENCE FICTION CHRONICLE continues to come out monthly, after a slow start with the first two or three issues, and the news is continually interesting and informative, and the non-news material is usually readable, if somewhat uninspiring (newszines really shouldn't run reviews if there is room for only a review here, two reviews there--it comes across as filler, and is usually so out of keeping with the mood of the zine as to be useless). Andy Porter is doing a fine job with offering a real alternative to LOCUS, and I hope a great many of you are supporting this effort. If not, send \$12 to SFC, PO Box 4175, New York NY 10017.

Cliff also mentioned that anyone going to a con should take a mess of flyers for ASFICon and post them on every bare wall and flyer table. He said that there was still a minor problem in getting some national con schedulists to realize that we were set for the weekend before NOREASCON (Labor Day), not during the Worlcon.

Discussion turned, once again, to the matter of the Weekend Switch. The general consensus was that until we got a permanent meeting spot, that a change of weekends would be too difficult to manage. Deb said that she was still corresponding with CSFA folk, and that nothing certain had been heard on the possibility of them changing weekends.

Then a dramatic reading from the sf teevee guide followed. Members outdid one another in recommending upcoming films such as "Panic in the Year Zero," "Godzilla vs. Megalon" and the real "Buck Rogers." Gail Higgings, Brad Linaweaver, and others were among the contributors. An instant review of SATURN III was given by a pair of visitors from Athens, and their pfui*was loud and profound. Lance Dreeson, one of the two visiting ^{Athenians}, mentioned that the Univ. of Ca. was hosting a Science Fiction Film Festival that weekend and that admittance for an array of films was \$2.

Terry Kane then moved that the meeting be executed at 8:51, and it was speedily done.

During the TAB and COKE interim, prospective members from Greenville, Ga., Carleen Smith and Companion, mingled with Old Hands. Megan Locke was another new face from Atlanta, and some long-missed attendees returned to the fold--Charlie Moody, Gail Higgins, and Dan Taylor, who appears frequently as a loccist in ATARANTES. Dan Taylor had a schedule of upcoming SCA events to be distributed.

The programming that capped off the meeting was a panel discussion on SF Disaster Themes, lead by Dave Minch, and fleshed out by Mike Weber and Brad Linaweaver. Dave pointed out that they were not dealing with "disastrous sf", and then launched into a discussion of the types of disaster themes in the genre. The discussion followed several lines before settling on the difference between the English and American attitudes towards disaster. Members pointed out that Britain had memories of the Empire and its loss to cope with, and had endured the horrors of WW2 at close hand; America's nightmares had to do with taming the frontier, and their themes dealt with coping with natural disasters. Matters were sidetracked into definitional mayhem, and time was lost in hassling over "imminent" disaster vs. "actual" disaster. An interesting sideline was the feasibility of extraterrestrial settings in disaster sf, and how it would affect colonization or the family structure in the traditional manner. Brad dealt with the related area of dystopia, and with how societal disasters could be of an abstract nature. Contributors among the ranks were Charlie Moody, Cliff Biggers, Gail Higgins, and Avery Davis (among others). Illustrations of the panel and its themes were done (discreetly) by Rich Howell, Mike Smith and Deb Hammer Johnson, who had the good sense to throw them away directly after the meeting. Hunger eventually overwhelmed verbal appetites, and everyone hustled off to Pizza Inn for fun and heartburn, thus capping off another meeting in ASPIC's history.

ATARANTES #33

Cliff Biggers

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first class
do not delay
first class

next meeting March 15, 8 pm, Peachtree Bank on Chamblee-Dunwoody // auction!! // be there!!